

MRS. HAWTHORN. Alan Jeffcote's seldom short of cash. He spends plenty.

CHRISTOPHER. Ay! Nat gives him what he asks for, and doesn't want to know how he spends it either. But he's *got* to ask for it first. Nat can stop supplies any time if he's a mind.

MRS. HAWTHORN. That's likely, isn't it?

CHRISTOPHER. Queerer things have happened. You don't know Nat like I do. He's a bad one to get across with.

[*Another flash and gentle peal.* MRS. HAWTHORN *gets up.*

MRS. HAWTHORN. I'll light the gas.

[*She pulls down the blind and lights the gas.*

CHRISTOPHER. When I met Nat this morning he told me that Alan had telegraphed from Llandudno on Saturday asking for twenty pounds.

MRS. HAWTHORN. From Llandudno?

CHRISTOPHER. Ay! Reckon he's been stopping there: Run short of brass.

MRS. HAWTHORN. And did he send it?

CHRISTOPHER. Of course he sent it. Nat doesn't stint the lad. [*He laughs quietly.*] Eh, but he *can* get through it, though!

MRS. HAWTHORN. Look here. What are you going to say to Fanny when she comes?

CHRISTOPHER. Ask her where she's been.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Ask her where she's been! Of course we'll do that. But suppose she won't tell us?

CHRISTOPHER. She's always been a good girl.

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# HINDLE WAKES

A Play in Three Acts, by  
STANLEY HOUGHTON



T8

4900

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BOSTON: JOHN W. LUCE & COMPANY  
LONDON: SIDGWICK & JACKSON, LTD.  
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Sixth Impression, August, 1913.  
Seventh Impression, March, 1914.*

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HINDLE WAKES was first produced by Miss HORNIMAN's  
REPERTORY COMPANY from the Gaiety Theatre, Man-  
chester, before the Incorporated Stage Society, at the  
Aldwych Theatre, on Sunday, June 16th, 1912, with  
the following cast:—

Mrs. Hawthorn . . .	ADA KING
Christopher Hawthorn .	CHARLES BIBBY
Fanny Hawthorn . . .	EDYTH GOODALL
Mrs. Jeffcote . . . .	DAISY ENGLAND
Nathaniel Jeffcote . .	HERBERT LOMAS
Alan Jeffcote . . . .	J. V. BRYANT
Sir Timothy Farrar . .	EDWARD LANDOR
Beatrice Farrar . . .	SYBIL THORNDIKE
Ada . . . . .	HILDA DAVIES

The Play produced by LEWIS CASSON

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## CHARACTERS

CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORN, a Slasher at Daisy Bank  
Mill

Mrs. HAWTHORN, his Wife

FANNY HAWTHORN, their Daughter, a Weaver at  
Daisy Bank Mill

NATHANIEL JEFFCOTE, Owner of Daisy Bank Mill

Mrs. JEFFCOTE, his Wife

ALAN JEFFCOTE, their Son

Sir TIMOTHY FARRAR, Chairman of the Education  
Committee at Hindle

BEATRICE FARRAR, his Daughter

ADA, Maid at Bank Top

## SCENES

Act I.—Scene 1. Kitchen of the Hawthorns' house  
137, Burnley Road, Hindle.  
Bank Holiday, Monday, August  
6th. 9 p.m.

Scene 2. Breakfast-room of the Jeffcotes'  
house, Bank Top, Hindle Vale,  
The same night. 10.30 p.m.

Scene 3. Breakfast-room at the Jeffcotes'.  
The same night. 1 a.m.

Act II. Breakfast-room at the Jeffcotes'. Tuesday,  
August 7th. 8 p.m.

Act III. Breakfast-room at the Jeffcotes'. Tuesday,  
August 7th. 9 p.m.

NOTE.—The scene for Act I., Scene 1, should be very small,  
as a contrast to the room at the Jeffcotes'. It might well be  
set inside the other scene so as to facilitate the quick change  
between Scenes 1 and 2, Act I.

## NOTE ON THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT

This play is about Lancashire people. In the smaller Lancashire towns it is quite usual for well-to-do persons, and for persons who have received good educations at grammar schools and technical schools, to drop more or less into dialect when familiar, or when excited, or to point a joke. It is even usual for them to mix their speech with perfect naturalness. "You" and "thou" may jostle one another in the same sentence, as, for instance: "You can't catch it, I tell thee." As a general rule they will miss out a good many "h's," and will pronounce vowels with an open or flat sound. The final consonants will usually be clipped. At the same time it is unnecessary laboriously to adopt any elaborate or fearsome method of pronunciation. The Lancashire dialect of to-day—except amongst the roughest class in the most out-of-the-way districts—has had many of its corners rubbed off. It varies in its accents, too, in each separate town, that it may be attempted with impunity by all save the most incompetent. The poorest attempt will probably be good enough to pass muster as "Manchester," which has hardly a special accent of its own, but boasts a tongue composed of all the other Lancashire dialects mixed up, polished and made politer, and deprived of their raciness.

# HINDLE WAKES

## ACT I

### SCENE 1

*The scene is triangular, representing a corner of the living-room kitchen of No. 137, Burnley Road, Hindle, a house rented at about 7s. 6d. a week. In the left-hand wall, low down, there is a door leading to the scullery. In the same wall, but further away from the spectator, is a window looking on to the backyard. A dresser stands in front of the window. About half-way up the right-hand wall is the door leading to the hall or passage. Nearer, against the same wall, a high cupboard for china and crockery. The fireplace is not visible, being in one of the walls not represented. However, down in the L. corner of the stage is an arm-chair, which stands by the hearth. In the middle of the room is a square table, with chairs on each side. The room is cheerful and comfortable. It is nine o'clock on a warm August evening. Through the window can be seen the darkening sky, as the blind is not drawn. Against the sky an outline*



*of roof-tops and mill chimneys. The only light is the dim twilight from the open window. Thunder is in the air. When the curtain rises* CHRISTOPHER HAWTHORN, a decent, white-bearded man of nearly sixty, is sitting in the arm-chair smoking a pipe. MRS. HAWTHORN, a keen, sharp-faced woman of fifty-five, is standing gazing out of the window. *There is a flash of lightning and a rumble of thunder far away.*

MRS. HAWTHORN. It's passing over. There'll be no rain.

CHRISTOPHER. Ay! We could do with some rain.

*[There is a flash of lightning.]*

CHRISTOPHER. Pull down the blind and light the gas.

MRS. HAWTHORN. What for?

CHRISTOPHER. It's more cosy-like with the gas.

MRS. HAWTHORN. You're not afraid of the lightning?

CHRISTOPHER. I want to look at that railway guide.

MRS. HAWTHORN. What's the good? We've looked at it twice already. There's no train from Blackpool till five-past ten, and it's only just on nine now.

CHRISTOPHER. Happen we've made a mistake.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Happen we've not. Besides, what's the good of a railway guide? You know trains run as they like on Bank Holiday.

CHRISTOPHER. Ay! Perhaps you're right. You don't think she'll come round by Manchester?

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MRS. HAWTHORN. What would she be doing coming round by Manchester?

CHRISTOPHER. You can get that road from Blackpool.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Yes. If she's coming from Blackpool.

CHRISTOPHER. Have you thought she may not come at all?

MRS. HAWTHORN [*grimly*]. What do you take me for?

CHRISTOPHER. You never hinted.

MRS. HAWTHORN. No use putting them sort of ideas into your head.

[*Another flash and a peal of thunder.*]

CHRISTOPHER. Well, well, those are lucky who haven't to travel at all on Bank Holiday.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Unless they've got a motor-car, like Nat Jeffcote's lad.

CHRISTOPHER. Nay. *He's* not got one.

MRS. HAWTHORN. What? Why, I saw him with my own eyes setting out in it last Saturday week after the mill shut.

CHRISTOPHER. Ay! He's gone off these Wakes with his pal George Ramsbottom. A couple of thick beggars, those two!

MRS. HAWTHORN. Then what do you mean telling me he's not got a motor-car?

CHRISTOPHER. I said he hadn't got one of his own. It's his father's. You don't catch Nat Jeffcote parting with owt before his time. That's how he holds his lad in check, as you might say.